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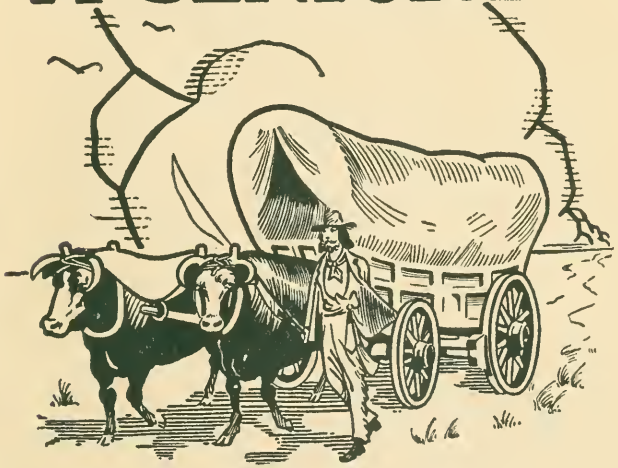
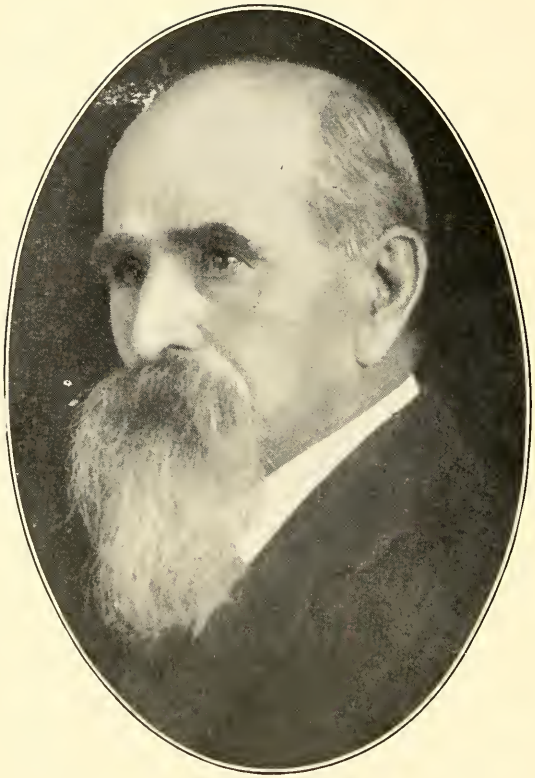
HENRY KINGMAN'S THREE FOURTHS OF A CENTURY





H. Kingman

THE TRAVELS AND
ADVENTURES OF

HENRY KINGMAN

IN SEARCH OF COLORADO
AND CALIFORNIA GOLD

1859 - 1865

With a few later incidents, including some politics and the celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday.

Copyright 1917

Delavan, Morris County, Kansas
1917

DEDICATED

To my children, grand-children,
relatives and friends.

HENRY KINGMAN

Herington Sun Press, Herington, Kansas
1917

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CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD DAYS IN ILLINOIS

I was born at Deer Creek, Tazewell County, Illinois, May 7th, 1842. On April 22nd, 1847, while attempting to cross the Macanaw river at what was known as "Rocky Ford," during very high water, my father was drowned, leaving my mother with five boys, the eldest of whom was not ten years of age. It was then that the hardships of the little family began. To provide food and clothing for five boys,in the wilds of Illinois, was a task which can scarcely be realized in these days of home comforts.

Many times it was necessary for mother to go to the field and assist in the work of raising a crop, and then assist in gathering it. In winter also much outdoor work was necessary to secure food and clothing and keep the little family together.

On March 8th, 1849, mother married Mr. Eri Bogardus, a man of education, a graduate of Harvard, who afterward studied medicine, but at the time of mother's marriage to him he was teaching school in our district. There were no free schools in those days, and tuition was $6 per pupil for the term of three months, school beginning December first. Occasionally there would be a four months term, when school began November first; only the smaller children and girls attending until the corn was husked and in the cribs.

Mother had no money with which to pay our tuition so she took Mr. Bogardus to board with us, in that way a friendship was formed which later led to marriage, which lasted until death separated them.

In those primitive days mother made all our clothing from wool, off the sheep raised on our farm. At the time of father's death we had 1200 head of them, which sold at our sale for twenty-five cents per head. In April and May the sheep were sheared, the process at that time being very different from the present, when clippers run by steam or electricity are used.

When we sheared our sheep, the first process was to prepare two pens on the river bank, into one of which the unwashed sheep would be turned, and when washed they would be put into the other. The water in the Macanaw river, which was three miles from our home, was, at the point where the pens were built, about waist deep. Into this the sheep were driven, one at a time for each man in the water.

Arriving at home after this process, a sheep was caught by each shearer, set down on his haunches, and, beginning at the head the shearing was very closely done over the entire body. The men who did the shearing were very expert in their work, going about the county from place to place all through the shearing season. Mother often helped with this work.

The wool from each sheep averaged about six pounds, but on large bucks it would sometimes yield twelve pounds; all wool at that time sold from fifteen to twenty cents per pound.

The wool kept for yarn and to be made into cloth was sent to a "woolen mill," where it was carded into rolls about the size of one's finger and thirty inches in length. These rolls were spun by hand on a wheel fifteen feet in circumference. Some of the yarn spun being made fine enough, that when used with linen warp, made a cloth that was used for dresses, petticoats and other garments, and was called "Lin-sey-wool-sey."

The cloth used for boy's and men's clothes was made from all wool, at home on crude looms, constructed by some one handy with tools. When the cloth had been woven, mother cut out and made by hand every garment we wore, coats, vests and trousers, sitting, night after night, bent over her work by the light of dim tallow candles or a grease lamp.

This picture stands out most vividly in my memory, mother never idle, if she was not sewing, then she was knitting, piecing quilts, or finding something for her busy hands to do.

There being no railroads in Illinois at that time, marketing what was produced on the farm was a problem. Corn was shelled either with a hand sheller or more often "tramped" out with horses. Many a day I have ridden a horse for this purpose. After it was shelled it was then run through a fanning mill to separate it from the cobs which would of course be broken in pieces. About one hundred bushels of ears at a time was thrown on the ground floor of the barn, 'round which boards had been placed and a man with a scoop shovel stood and shoveled back any that went over the boards.

No one had board floors in their barns and cement had not been heard of. In much the same way wheat, oats, barley, all grains, were threshed, except occasionally some one used a flail. When the corn or other grains were ready for market it was usually taken with ox teams to the Illinois river, either to Pekin or to Peoria, and sold, to be shipped later by boat to St. Louis and New Orleans. The price for corn being eight and ten cents per bushel; wheat and other grains proportionately low.

I remember one time when father was living he took a load of wheat to Ft. Dearborn, now Chicago, driving six yoke of oxen a distance of 132 miles; the time required being two weeks. Father brought home many things on that trip, flour enough to last a year, sugar, coffee, innumerable small things used about the house, that could not be made by hand at home, and among the other things was a pair of "galluses" for myself, being the first I had ever had, except what mother had knit.

Our boots and shoes were made of cow hide by a local shoemaker. In the winter we would melt together equal parts of tallow and bees-wax and fill the leather full; besides waterproofing and preserving the leather, we never had to blacken them.

We had always used a fireplace, with a dutch oven in which to bake biscuit and corn bread; by the side of the old fireplace was built an oven in which mother could bake a dozen loaves of bread if she wished and twenty-five pies at the same time.

It would be next to impossible for one reared in Kansas and used to the modern tools to realize the primitive manner in which corn was planted, covered and cultivated in the early days in Illinois. The ground was plowed in the usual way, with wooden beam, steel

point plows. Then harrowed with an old fashioned "A" shaped harrow. It was then marked length-wise of the field with a marker, after that, cross marked with a single shovel plow, and this in turn was followed by the "droppers," men or boys, often women and girls, who dropped three or four grains at the intersection of the markings. Next came a sort of a machine called a "jumper."

This "jumper" was made with two handles attached to a beam, and fastened to the lower part of the beam, was a "nigger" hoe. The man using the machine jumped every hill. That is, the hoe was dropped between the hills gathering up the dirt, then jumped over the hill, dropping the soil thus gathered on the planted corn. About eight to ten acres could be planted in a day in this manner.

After the corn was up, it was harrowed with the "A" harrow, from which the two front, the center middle, and back tooth had been removed. After this it was cultivated with single and double shovel plows, and sometimes with a "bar" plow which threw the dirt away from the corn, the last cultivating being done with a double shovel plow.

Two and three bushels of wheat or oats, per acre, was sowed. When the grain was ripe it was cut with cradles or sickles. A good cradler could cut three acres per day, for which he would receive one dollar with board. Usually a boy followed the cradles with a wooden rake, raking the grain in bundles which were bound by a man taking a good sized handful of straw, dividing it in two parts and forming a "straw band," by twisting the ends. Shocking was not done until the entire field was in bundles. In cutting with a sickle one person did it all. A bunch of grain would be grasped in the left hand, cut, laid to one side and so on until enough for a bundle was ready when the person doing the cutting would tie it, throw it to one side and so on and on; when enough was ready for a shock it was placed in the shock by the same person. Until harvesters came in, ten acres was the average size of wheat and oat fields, and one-half to three-fourths of an acre was an average day's work, using a sickle. A day at that time was not eight hours, but from "sun to sun."

In those early days, deer, wolves and coyotes were plentiful. I have frequently seen a dozn full grown deer in one herd. I remember one evening about dusk, coming home from the pasture where I

THE OLD HOME

Near Peoria, Illinois, from a recent photograph

THE OLD HOME

Near Peoria, Illinois, from a recent photograph

had been sent for the cows, about a dozen deer loomed up not far from me and began to play. Among them were three large bucks. I had heard of bucks attacking people and when I felt my hair raising my hat off from my head, I took to my heels, leaving the cows for someone else to bring home.

Old Uncle Jimmy Robinson would stop in sometimes on his way home and ask mother if she wanted some venison; and she would say she did. Next morning Uncle Jimmie would come bringing in a quarter or some portion of a deer killed while on his way home. Uncle Jimmie was not related to our family but was one of those men whom everyone called "Uncle."

He lived with his wife in a little cabin down by the creek not far from our home. Uncle Jimmie used to drink a great deal and Aunt Sarah, his wife, became afraid he would come home some night and kill her, so she had a carpenter build a coffin for her out of black walnut lumber, and mother helped her make her shroud, which was placed in the coffin and both were taken to the attic. It was many years before Aunt Sarah was dressed in the garments she prepared, and by then wild flowers had blossomed and died many a Springtime and Autumn over the spot where poor old Uncle Jimmie slept his "last sleep."

The house in which I was born is still standing, and occupied. The frame of the house was made from hewn timbers, and the sills and floor joists were made from trees eight to ten inches through, hewn on one side, with the bark left on the opposite side. Upper joists were made from smaller trees hewn on both sides. The weather boarding and inside finishing, including doors and window sash, was all of black walnut lumber which had been "whip sawed."

That was accomplished by first digging a pit twelve feet in length, three feet wide and six deep, upon which, at either end, a frame was set to hold the logs. One man in the pit, the other on the log, sawed the log into pieces of any size required. Shingles were made with a "frow," a cleaving tool with a handle at right angles to the blade, also from black walnut logs.

The house was twenty feet in width and forty in length and when first built was divided into two rooms each containing a large fireplace which were placed back to back, one chimney answering for both.

As I said in the beginning of my story, there were five of we boys, one of whom, Abel, died in infancy. The eldest was called Charley, the second Cyrus, then myself, Henry, then Martin, the youngest. It was the duty of each of we boys, in turn, to build the fires in the mornings, each building fires for one week at a time. When my step-father had been a member of our family for about two years, he bought a cook stove, the first in the neighborhood, called the "Home Comfort."

CHAPTER II

PLANNING TO RUN AWAY FROM HOME

It was in this stove the fires were built. I had always resented the presence of Mr. Bogardus in our family, and there were frequent clashes between us. Looking back over the years that are passed, and viewing with a man's impartiality, I know my step-father was a most just, well intentioned man; the trouble was with myself.

I think I must have been born with the "call of the wild" deep in my soul. When I was nine years old, I made up my mind to leave home. I did not consider how my wild idea, when carried out, would grieve mother; neither at that time did I care. In my heart I blamed her for marrying the second time, and bringing to our home a strange man to, as I called it, "boss" we boys. Not that Mr. Bogardus was ever unkind, he was not, but was interested in us for mother's sake as well as our own.

Old Uncle Jimmy Robinson's son-in-law, a worthless good-for-nothing man who lived near us, left his wife and two small children one fall and remained away all winter. Returning in the spring he told exciting tales of the deer, bear and wild turkey he had seen and shot during the winter, which he had spent in Arkansas.

He was preparing to return there accompanied by his wife and two small children, and I was determined to go with him if he would allow me to do so. Every chance I could get, I stole over to Tom Hardin's cabin to hear him tell more about the wonderful things he had seen, and the game he had killed. As the time drew near for his departure, I could scarcely either eat or sleep, so great was my

fear that something would happen to prevent me from going. No thought of being homesick, or sorrow at leaving mother and the boys ever entered my mind. I was going to run away anyhow, and this was my chance.

When I asked Tom Hardin if I could go with him he said, "yes," and now the only thing for me to do, was to be on hand in time to start. I told my brother, Martin, but made him promise not to tell. At last everything was in readiness and on the "morrow at sun up" we would start. It was my week to build the fires, and on that morning, before it was light, I got up, made a bundle of the few clothes I had, threw them out of the window, crept softly down stairs, built the fire, put the teakettle and coffee pot on as usual, opened and closed the kitchen door softly, and ran as swiftly as my legs would carry me, down to Tom Hardin, where, in a very short time we were ready, and started, much to my delight. I knew I would not feel safe for at least two or three days, but at last I was really in the covered wagon. Tom clucked to his horses, and we were off.

That day we traveled about fifteen miles and camped. We started out early the next morning, but about eleven o'clock two of my brothers, Cyrus and Martin, came riding up to the wagon. I saw them and recognized the horses and the way the boys rode bare-back. When they were still some distance off I crawled back in the wagon and covered up. Tom stopped when they asked where I was and said, "I don't know anything about him." The boys didn't believe him and began searching for me, finding me under covers enough to have smothered me in a short time. I refused to go back with them, but after arguing about it for some time, Tom said as mother had sent for me, he "guessed I'd have to go." I returned, a crest-fallen and disappointed boy, but I hadn't changed my mind about leaving home; I would bide my time.

It was three years before that time came. No special new reason caused me to leave home this time. I had never had clothes enough even to feel comfortable, and they were of the poorest kind. Hickory shirts, jeans and blue drilling clothes were the best I had, and as for foot wear, I had cow-hide boots or went bare foot.

Another morning when the time came I went through practically the same routine, built the fire, put teakettle and coffee pot on the stove, went out, carefully closing the door, picked up my bundle

and once again started out to "do for myself." I had a cousin living on a farm fourteen miles distant, and to him I was going for work.

About noon I was pretty hungry, having had no breakfast, so I stopped at a farm house for a drink of water, and in conversation with the farmer told him that I had left home. He wanted to hire me but I was bent on going first to my cousin, and I told him so. He kindly invited me in to dinner, which invitation was gladly and thankfully received. I am sure I did full justice to that dinner. I arrived at the home of my cousin, Ed Pratt, near Tremont, about dusk.

He received me most kindly; I hired out to work for him that night for twenty five cents a day, and began work early next morning. I had been working about two weeks when on one Saturday night my mother and my step-father drove up. They must have heard where I was. They wanted me to go home with them, which I did. I had bought myself two shirts and a pair of boots with the money earned.

I remained home over night, and before anyone was awake next morning, I once again left home. At that time any place seemed better to me than my home. I went back to Cousin Pratt, where I worked for twenty-five cents a day until corn husking time, when I went to work for a man called "Scotch" Smith, receiving six dollars per month, going from there to make my home with "Preacher" Andrews.

I was to have my board and room for doing the chores. This is about what I did every day: milked four cows twice daily, fed twenty head of cattle, four horses, pumping all the water used for them and in the house, by hand.

Saturday I would go to the woods, sometimes chop down trees, sometimes cut up those already down, into suitable lengths for loading, take it home and chop it up into stove wood lengths. About Christmas time I asked Preacher Andrews if he would loan me a horse so that I could go home for Christmas, and he readily consented

I had never been homesick in my life until that week, when every night I would cry myself to sleep. Mother Andrews asked me if my eyes were getting sore, they were so red from crying. I went home Christmas eve, remained until the evening of the next day,

when I was as glad to get back to Preacher Andrews' as I had been anxious to get home. Mother was well satisfied that I had my home with a Presbyterian minister and I liked it there in spite of, or perhaps because of, having so much to do, I did not have time to become dis-satisfied.

In the spring I left there at the close of school, to work for two cousins, John and Lysander Kingman, engaged to stay nine months at six dollars per month. They were unmarried, and we kept what they called "Bachelor's Hall." I didn't go to school that winter. I don't know to this day how we spent that winter. I know none of us worked any. One of my cousins' had a violin, a fiddle we called it, the other a tambourine.

Every Saturday night several young men from Tremont would come out, (we lived on the edge of town,) and bring with them a banjo, bones, drum, mouth organ and jews-harp, and they would play (I never did) until they were tired, then we would attack the four pound box of smoking tobacco that was always kept for the occasion, and smoke until the room was blue.

We had fine times, days and evenings I shall never forget. And so the winter passed.

The following spring I went to work for a man by the name of Aubrey, an Englishman, for twelve dollars per month. This proved to be the very worst place I had ever lived. It gave me an impression of English people in general that to this day has never left me. They had no water except what we got from a "slough" well. A hole was dug in the marshy ground, and a curbing placed in it which would fill up with water from which we drank and used for cooking, and just outside, close up, the hogs wallowed.

Mr. Aubry, himself, never tasted water. He had in his cellar eight and ten barrels of hard cider at one time, and that is what he drank. He tried to have me drink it too, but I would not.

One time when I was out in the stable currying the horses he came out to where I was and began "jawing" me. I was mad, everything had gone wrong and I had reached the limit of endurance. I grabbed the pitchfork and started after him. He was perfectly willing to leave and did so in a hurry. I told him I wouldn't work for him another day, and I didn't.

I went home from there, which was not far, and worked all fall for my board, and the following winter I went to school again. I was fifteen in May of that year. The following spring I went to work for my cousin Lysander, who had married since I worked for him before, and was living with his father-in-law. He was to pay me twelve dollars per month. I worked from March until the first of August, then something occurred that caused me to leave him, on short notice.

His father-in-law was a banker in Tremont, driving to and from town each day with a horse and buggy. They had the poorest outfit to work with I had ever had any experience with. The horses were both balky, the harness was chain tugs, with rope lines. One day when I was plowing the horses got to kicking and wouldn't pull, but when I finally succeeded in starting them they ran full tilt. I dropped the lines and yelled at them to go to, mixed with a few other words, and they went, dragging the plow after them. They ran to the stable, neither of them hurt, no damage done I thought, except to my temper, but it seems that I was mistaken.

The next morning when I was in the stable currying the horses, Mr. Pettis came in and pitched on to me rough shod for letting the horses go like that. I was still mad at myself and I threw the curry comb at him as hard as I could and followed it with the brush, all the time telling him in no very mild terms what I thought of him, his horses and all concerned. I ran outside to find a club with which to emphasize my words, but Mr. Pettis evidently thought "discretion the better part of valor," and vamosed. I told him I would leave and next morning I did so.

I went back to "bachelor's hall", going to work for my cousins, who were threshing. I bought a span of mules of my brother Charley, paying part down on them, giving my note for the remainder. Having a team to work with now, I received one dollar a day, and board for myself and team. I remained at the "hall" until school began.

CHAPTER III

BOARDING SCHOOL AND PLANNING TO GO TO PIKES PEAK

The county seat of Tazewell county had for some years prior to this time been in Tremont, but Pekin, located on the Illinois river, had out grown Tremont, and a spirit of dissatisfaction arose among the people at Pekin, because the county seat was not at that place, and measures were taken to have it moved, which was finally accomplished by a vote of the people.

Pekin immediately began the erection of a new court house, which, when completed and occupied, left the Tremont court house vacant.

A man by the name of McClellan leased it and in the fall opened a "select" school for boys, which was held in the upper rooms, the lower rooms being used by Mr. McClellan for living purposes. That fall, it was the winter before my seventeenth birthday, in company with two of my brothers, Charley and Martin, I arranged to attend this school.

We boys rented two upper rooms, which had formerly been occupied by the sheriff and county clerk, one of which we used for a bed room, the other a sitting room and kitchen combined. Tuition was six dollars per month, this I paid by cutting and hauling wood for the teacher's use and also for the school room. The wood thus hauled I put in the basement, and in the evenings, by candle light, I sawed and split all that was used.

By this means I not only earned my tuition, but I also made enough money to pay for what I ate and to feed my mules. Oc-

casionally I had a small amount of money to spare for something else I needed. There were forty-three boys and one girl in school that winter. I do not remember how that one girl happened to go to school there.

I had always had a hasty temper, to put it mildly. Soon after school began, we country boys were informed by the town boys that we would all have to be initiated. One of the largest as well as the oldest boys in school was a boy whose name was Ham Saltenstahl, a town boy and a regular bully. He was the son of a doctor, of slight build but taller than any of us. In spite of his overbearing manners he seemed to be a prime favorite with the other town boys. I had noticed him picking on a little fellow named Ed Studenburg, who was about fifteen years old. Ham would walk up to Ed and pull his ears, pinch him, and put his foot out and trip him, slap him in the mouth, all kinds of aggravating things.

I kept my temper fairly well for two or three days, then one day when Ham had been abusing Ed more than usual, I stepped up to him and said, "See here, I want you to stop tormenting that boy, you have been at it long enough, now stop it." "Oh-Ho," said Ham, "maybe you want to take it up for him, do you?" I didn't wait to tell him whether I did or not, I just doubled up my fist and knocked him down. Then I jumped on him and gave him such a beating that he wasn't able to come to school for three days. When he did return, he was a changed boy, no more hazing of any kind occurred during the term, and we all became, if not exactly friendly, on speaking terms. Years later Saltenstahl became a doctor as his father had been before him.

Gold had been discovered in Pikes Peak the year before and by this time excitement was at a high pitch. About the middle of the term the boys began talking about going to Pikes Peak at the close of school. Soon several of them began forming plans to "hit the trail." Naturally this interested and excited me and I wented to become one of the party, but they all declared I was too young, not yet seventeen.

Finally, just the week before they were ready to start, they agreed to take me. My joy at this knew no bounds. I had always felt strongly the "call of the wild;" now I was to really know something of what it meant.

School closed March first. The boys began work immediately on the equipment. They bought heavy canvas, "duck" we called it, for a tent which they sewed by hand, then oiled to make it rain proof. After they consented to let me become one of the party the first thing I did was to take an old file to a black-smith, from which he made a bowie knife. I found an old stag horn which I used for a handle, and when finished it presented a most formidable appearance, the blade being ten inches in length with an edge keen as a razor, and the handle five, making a weapon fifteen inches in length. I then took it to a harness maker and had a sheath made for it, and I felt ready to take any Indian's scalp with ease should it, at some time appear necessary.

When I bought my mules from brother Charley, I also got a cheap harness and a light wagon. Having them all paid for by this time, and being the owner of an outfit, even no better than mine was, proved an inducement to the boys to take me with them, as after they had purchased supplies as far as their means went, they were still short a "general utility" such as mine could be made into.

All the wagons were fitted with bows and covers and in mine was placed our daily "grub," bedding, which consisted of two heavy blankets and a small rubber sheet for each person, the wall tent, ten by twelve feet in size and a sheet iron stove with pipe. On the evening of the twentieth of March everything was in readiness for an early start.

On Saturday before we were to start, brother Charlie and I went home to Deer Creek to bid mother and the family "good bye."

Our family by this time consisted of, besides the first brothers, two half sisters and two half brothers, the youngest of whom, Peter, was about eighteen months old. I bought some hickory shirting and jeans with which to make me some shirts and trousers. Mother tried to persuade me not to go; she said, "Henry you are too young to leave home for a journey like that, besides your terrible temper will cause you to be killed or to kill some one some day." But nothing she said affected me in the least. I had made up my mind to go, and having the chance now, nothing but death itself could stop me. That evening after supper mother cut out the shirts and trousers and began sewing, and kept it up all night by the light of a tallow candle, finishing them Sunday forenoon. We remained over Sunday night and early Monday morning bid them all good bye.

In my heart I thought it was the last time I would ever see any of them. I expected to find plenty of gold where we were going, and I did not intend to come back, ever. Mother charged brother Charlie to take good care of me, and keep me out of trouble. We, or at least I did, left them as unconcernedly and as eagerly as though I was only going back toTremont. I never shed a tear, not even when mother clung to me crying, "Do be a good boy, Henry."

Looking back over those days of my childhood, I often wonder what it was that made me so heartless, so blind to every kindness. I cared for no one. I feared no one, nor nothing.

Two days after we returned from Deer Creek, March 21, we bade our friends good bye, and left Tremont with high hopes of finding plenty of gold before we returned, if we ever did. We had formed an "over-land company" and elected Mr. McClellan captain. He had crossed the plains in fifty-two and it was fitting that we should trust him with the leadership of our little company. The other members of our party were: Al Marks, brother-in-law of Mr. McClellan, Emer Ramsey, Free Kingman, a cousin of ours, brother Charley and myself.

We were dressed in jeans, wore hats and rubber boots, all but myself, I had no money to buy rubber boots with, so I got a pair of rubber leggins. The bowie knife I had made I carried in the sheath attached to my belt. This with three muzzle loading guns, four revolvers, and an old smooth bore muzzle loading rifle, with which I killed all the game I shot on the journey, made up our armament for defense. We expected further along on our trip to be attacked by Indians most any time. In those days I was a crack shot, anything I got a bead on was my meat.

We shipped our provisions to Nebraska City by way of St. Louis, keeping out what we thought would be enough to last through Iowa. The provisions we shipped before we left, Emer Ramsey going with them. We had three barrels of crackers, a thousand pounds of flour, six hundred pounds of bacon, one sack of rice, one large sack of dried apples, one barrel of dark brown sugar, one hundred pounds of green coffee, ten pounds of tea, several pounds of cream of tartar and soda, there being no baking powder in those days, fifteen pounds of plug tobacco and twenty of smoking.

Our traveling outfit consisted of, three yoke of steers, one yoke of cows, one span of mules, one riding pony, one camp wagon, one grub wagon. One of the cows was giving milk when we started and we milked her every day on the journey. The other was not giving milk when we started but McClellan said if we would go through the process of stripping her regularly she could be brought to her milk, and we followed her advice and in about four weeks she was giving four quarts of fine milk at each milking. We would pour the morning's milk in a large covered stone jar, and at noon there would often be a half pound of butter that had been churned by the motion of the wagon, on top of the milk.

HENRY KINGMAN IN 1859

From a broken Daguerretype that was taken on his arrival in California.

CHAPTER IV

THE START FOR THE GOLD MINES IN THE MOUNTAINS IN THE SPRING OF 1859

The first day we started at nine o'clock, but only made six s, when we went into camp at Groveland, where we knew a good y people. Several of the boys we knew came down to camp and t the evening with us. We had pitched our tent, a practice we wed every night during our journey. The weather was raw and and the fire in our tent was much appreciated by each of us. had a piece of rubber ducking the size of the tent which we id on the ground inside the tent, set up the stove, got supper smoked. This was the regular routine during our trip. This night, after our friends had gone, we took off our boots, some our coats, which we used for pillows, rolled in our blankets and fine until late in the morning. Our cattle was unbroken when tarted, and for six weeks we never took the yokes off from , but let them feed around fastened in that way. We knew we l have a time to catch them if they were loose from each other.

The second day we started about nine o'clock, and made ten , passed through the city of Peoria, camping on the outskirts of city on the west side. It was cold, with snow and rain at times and mud everywhere, all through Illinois and Iowa. After we reached Iowa the days were all much alike. Mud everywhere and few settlers. We crossed the Mississippi river at Burlington, where we had to remain for several days on account of high water, finally crossing on a steam ferry. We crossed the Des Moines river at Ottumwa. After crossing the Des Moines river, four young men

from northern Iowa fell in with us. All through Iowa we were forced to double team every few miles in order to get out of the mud.

We passed many abandoned wagons, whose owners had left them stuck in the mud while they went back home horse back. These were mostly settlers either going or returning from some town where they had been trading. All through Iowa we had a terrible time getting feed for our stock. The settlers were not well provided with feed themeselves, and more ofter than not, when we asked to buy corn or hay, they would refuse, saying they had not enough for themselves. Some ordered us away but we didn't leave until we got one or the other, either hay or corn. We paid one dollar per bushel for corn, the same for a hundred pounds of hay. The German war was not going on then either.

We found some game along the Des Moines river, prairie chickens, pheasants and quail. Occasionally we got a "prairie rabbit." This we skinned, and while they were never fat, fresh pork tasted mighty good to us when cooked and well seasoned.

Now and then when passing some farm house we would "fish" a little. We had a baited fish hook attached to a long line. When we got a "bite" we would pull it hurriedly into the wagon, wring its neck and have a fine stewed chicken for supper.

It was the first of May when we reached Nebraska City, where we found Ramsey and the provisions. He had only been waiting four days, navigation being very slow in those days. Nebraska City at that time had a population of about one thousand, and was a shipping point for the government supplies to Ft. Kearney, Laramie and Salt Lake. We stayed to see the sights.

A government train was made up of twenty six wagons, each wagon weighing twenty five hundred pounds. To each of these were attached six yoke of oxen. They started out with the six best broke oxen in the lead, with the cattle chained to those in front, and so on all through the line. Each wagon carried a load of approximately four tons. These supplies consisted of boots, clothing, amunition, and the regular provisions.

Even at that time they had a compressed and strongly condensed preparation which was used for soup. It consisted of meat, potatoes cabbage, onions, in fact all kinds of vegetables. The original cake

of this soup was about four feet square and so hard that a saw was used in breaking it into pieces. The soldiers gave us a piece about a foot square. A piece, six inches square would, when boiled for several hours, make a large kettle of, what seemed to me, the best soup I had ever tasted.

From time to time other wagons would join us, and at this time there were one hundred wagons on the trail, all bound for Pikes Peak "or bust." All kinds of placards were on the outside of these wagons. Pictures, too, of all kinds were displayed. The picture of an elephant, or a hog were most frequently seen. "Pikes Peak or Bust," "Bound for the Gold Fields," and on the wagons of those returning, "-ed" was added and "Busted by G-d," was on many.

Leaving Nebraska City we traveled westward for several days, when we reached what is known as Elm Creek. Here we found five hundred wagons in camp. Many of the campers had been on the ground for weeks, others for ten days. Many were discouraged and at this point turned back, and the place became known as the first "turn table."

On the trail I saw all kinds of conveyances. Carts to which one horse was hitched, loaded with the owners camp outfit. At one time a cart which was being pulled by two men, while two others pushed from the rear. At another time I saw a cow and a horse yoked together. At another a man with a wheel barrow, in which he had everything he owned on earth.

At this time we were making from ten to fifteen miles per day. If a good feeding point was found, with water, by the man who rode ahead for that purpose, we stopped and fed at noon. We always went into camp early, not later than six o'clock.

Traveling day after day made the cattle's feet sore and we were forced to shoe them. We had anticipated something like this and had provided sole leather which we cut to fit each half of the foot. These we nailed on with clinch nails, which were driven at intervals through the hoof and clinched. These shoes would last for two or three days.

Among us we had a violin, tambourine and bones so every night our camp was lively place. By this time five or six crowds traveled and camped together, and after everything was made secure for the night we would build a large camp fire from sage brush, grease

wood and cow chips, and spend the evenings most pleasantly, with music, such as it was, song and story telling. Time passed swiftly.

One man, who traveled alone, drove four yoke of oxen to a wagon loaded with cigars and tobacco which he was going to sell to the miners in the gold fields. Leaving this place we traveled two weeks each day being much like the day before. Every day we would meet people returning, saying it was all a humbug. Some days we would meet as many as a dozen wagons, on other days three, four or five.

We traveled all this time on the south side of the Platte river. Arriving at a place called Cottonwood Creek we found encamped fully one thousand wagons, extending for three miles up and down the creek. These men gathered round a common camp fire, and some who had been to Pikes Peak said it was all a joke, a humbug. These speeches influenced many to change their plans about going on, and we were among the number. Many decided to go to California. We remained at this camp two days then taking up the same trail, which by this time was a well defined roadway, sixty feet in width, the grass all trampled out.

On reaching South Fork we found the river very high, and we camped for several days. On the fourth day some of the boys decided to cross over and investigate, which they did. The Platte river with its treacherous sand bars, its appearing and disappearing waters in the quick sands, is too well known at this time to need description from me. It is at this point fully a mile in width. They found that it would be possible, by doubling up the cattle, so that when some were being swept off their feet by the rushing waters, others would have comparatively good footing in shallow places, thereby enabling us to cross at this point. One man went ahead, horseback, with a rope attached to the horns of the "lead" cattle, while all down the line of twenty-six cattle, men walked at intervals holding ropes tied to the horns of the cattle. The wagons were taken, one at a time, the bed of the wagon having been securely tied or chained to the running gears. Even by doing this some were swept away, and some fell apart. The bed would sweep away, king bolt would fall out and the running gears separate. Some few succeeded in getting them together, but they were generally lost. All day long we worked as hard as we could getting five wagons across the river. We went into camp a tired set.

The following morning we got an early start up Ash Hollow, making about fifteen miles. Went into camp, nothing of special interest here. Next morning we made another early start, and that day reached the North Platte river, a distance of fifteen miles. Found good grazing all along the river, cattle were gaining weight right along now.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST INDIANS; INDIAN BODIES ON TREES AND POLES

Some of the men were homesick, but as for myself I never felt better. This was the kind of a life for me, only a boy of seventeen, far away from home and kindred, the new, strange wild country had a charm for me never experienced before. I loved the life I was living and had no regrets for days gone, nor worry over a future that seemed far away, so little worth worrying about that it caused me not even a moment's anxiety. I had not written to mother as yet; brother Charlie had written once, but I was away from home two years before I wrote mother. I make no excuse for not writing, few boys I dare say would have been so neglectful.

The prairie was filled with beautiful flowers in full bloom, all strangers to me. I could tell a sunflower when I saw one, but few other flowers had ever been given much attention by me. The sun shone so brightly during the day and on moonlight nights (there seemed more of them out here) the world had a fantastic appearance and charm for me, impossible to describe.

One day we camped for dinner, which was on the table—said table being an oil cloth spread on the ground, 'round which we gathered, using tin plates and cups, steel knives and forks. We had just taken our places when we saw four Indians, horse back, approaching. They had the appearance of being on the war path. All were painted and had feathers in their hair, some of which were dyed red, and fastened to their hair were silver dollars which had been hammered flat and almost as large as the palm of ones hand, with holes in them

like buttons through which a piece of sinew was passed and then tied to their hair.

Jumping from their ponies they rushed up to where we were sitting, when McClellan, who talked some Indian, told them to sit down, while he prepared and handed each of them two flap jacks and a piece of meat, which they greedily devoured, as a half starved animal might have done. One of them having made away with his, reached over and seized my pancake and meat wiping my plate up with it, and taking a big bite, would soon have had it all eaten, but I slapped him square in the face. This naturally caused a commotion, every one jumped up, the Indians pow-wowing and McClellan trying his best to pacify them. At the same time telling me I had done an awful thing. I was madder than a hornet, I grabbed my gun, which was lying near at hand, and motioned for the Indians to step out and we would settle it with guns. McClellan at last succeeded in quieting them somewhat, but they went away muttering, and Mc said I would have to watch out now for they would sure "get" me some day.

After they had gone I took my gun and went some little distance from camp to let the mules graze. I had a forty foot picket rope attached to each mule, and holding them in my hand and I lay down on the ground and before I knew or realized anything I was fast asleep. The rope slipped from my hand and the mules wandered off. One of the boys found them, and thinking I had gone on ahead to try to kill a sage hen, jack rabbit, or antelope, these being all the game we had seen, they hitched up and drove on. When I awoke the sun was low in the sky, and I had slept so soundly I could not, to save my life, tell whether the sun was going down or coming up, nor which was east, nor which was west.

We were not far from the river and I went there to see which way the water was running, and saw two wagons coming towards me, in which were two men of whom I asked if it was morning or evening. They laughed, said it was evening, that they were coming from the west. I then asked them if they had seen our outfit which I tried to describe, but they said they had met so many it was impossible to tell. I started west along the trail, walking as rapidly as possible, but it was half past nine o'clock before I finally reached camp, where the boys had built an unusually large camp fire and were preparing to go back over the trail in search of me, fearing the Indians had "got" me sure.

We got a pretty good start the next morning and that evening camped in a most desirable spot where we had both feed and water. About sundown I went out hunting squirrels and grouse. Not far from camp I ran across an Indian "buried" in the top of a tree. I thought at first that the object that I saw was some kind of an animal, and hurried back to camp, when five of the boys returned with me. One of the men said it was an Indian burying ground, that the Crow Indians buried their dead in that way. I was not at all satisfied with his explanation, and decided to investigate on my own hook. I climbed the tree, which was the size of a man's body, the object I was trying to reach was fully twenty feet from the ground in the forks of the tree. Having, with much effort, at last reached the object, I found that the scaffold was built by placing two large poles lengthwise, with branches or small trees crosswise, and these were fastened securely with sinews to the poles at each end. The container for the body was made from either horse or cow hide, and sewed tightly together. I took my knife from my belt and made a gash in the hide, when I saw before me the skeleton of an Indian, who had been wrapped in blankets with beads and pipe and I don't know what else. I opened the case over the head of the gruesome thing and siezed a string of beads and quickly descended the tree. We all returned to camp and in spite of the experience just related we had music all the evening, as was an every night occurrance, often holding until eleven o'clock.

At this time there were about twenty men, each wagon having its own "mess" pot cooked on their own camp fire. These camp fires were made and kept burning by using buffalo chips, gathered each day from the plains, with sometimes a little cottonwood. Next morning we started out in good time, and in the afternoon reached the place where General Kearney had played havoc with the Indians the year before. At this place we found five other Indians buried, not on a tree scaffold however. These were scattered over about an acre of ground. Here the scaffold was made by having four poles set in the ground and the poles attached the same as in the first one. Having found out what the curious looking things were, we did not molest them.

This was on the North Platte and for two weeks we traveled up the stream, sometimes near, sometimes two or three miles away from its banks. Every night four men were on guard, two in the first part of the night, two the latter part of the night. We did this

to prevent the Indians from stealing up and stampeding our cattle.

One night I went about two miles up a little tributary to graze the cattle. It was my turn in company with another man to watch. It was about one o'clock, the cattle were all lying down. My pardner started to camp to send our relief, leaving me alone. This was our custom. When it was time for a change in watch one would go after the relief, thereby leaving one alone. The moon was full, making everything almost as plain as day, except close to the river where the brush grew. Something, I knew not what, ran from the shadows by the creek, out to the cattle which all jumped up and ran towards the spot where I was lying on a little knoll. I raised my gun and fired, having run down through the cattle. I supposed the thing was a wolf. At the camp they heard the report of my gun and eight or ten men came running as fast as possible to where I was. After telling them what had occurred we drove the cattle down to camp.

The next morning early we went out over the ground, to discover if possible, what it was that had almost stampeded the cattle, and to find if I had hit what ever it was. All along the stream going south and along the sand bars we found moccasin tracks.

On the following day we saw and killed our first yearling buffalo bull. Travelers, whom we met the next day said that an enormous herd of at least one thousand had gone north. The four or five that we saw were evidently stragglers from that herd. From this time on we had plenty of buffalo meat.

CHAPTER VI

FRONTIER FROLIC; WONDERS OF THE FIRST VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS

Our next camping place bore the name of Deep Creek. This we reached on the evening of July third, and went into camp to remain until after the Fourth. Deep Creek was a French trading post containing one building made of poles with adobe roof, and run by a Frenchman, who, like many others, had married a squaw.

This building, if such it could be called, was divided into two rooms, the front room being used as the store room, where the owner traded or sold furs, tobacco, moccasins, pipes, beads and other things besides whiskey, for anything anyone had to offer. The back room was the living room. On the morning of the Fourth Indians of both sexes began arriving at the "Post" to the number of forty, not including the pappooses. About noon each camp had an extra good dinner, in honor of the day. Quite early in the day some of the men took gunny sacks and went down to the river seining, and returned with plenty of speckled trout for both dinner and supper. During the day several of the men went up Deep Creek, which was a shallow rocky stream, to prospect for gold, finding a few small particles, so small they were scarcely visible, but enough to say they had found their first gold at Deep Creek.

Those of the men who remained in camp took our truck wagon to pieces. As darkness came on they took the spokes from the wheels and taking the hubs, placed them one above the other, and drove an iron pin down through them to keep them upright. The wagon had been an old lynch pin wagon and common tar had been used for lubricant, thereby saturating the hub through and through. In these

saturated hubs we built a fire which soon burned furiously, flames coming out of each spoke hole. The sides and bottom of the wagon had been smoothly laid on the ground and on this we danced.

Our boys were the musicians, having the same violin, tambourine and bones that had attracted so many to our camp all along the trail. After dark, and by the light of the fire described above we soon began to dance. Not one of the squaws would dance, though they sat around watching us, and after we had partaken pretty freely of the "fire water" and given some to the bucks, they soon joined us on the platform, dancing until everybody was well warmed up. Dancing continued until after midnight. Next day I had the worst headache I ever had in my life.

At almost dark next evening we reached a pile bridge, across the North Fork, or the boys riding ahead did. They came back to us after ascertaining that it would cost twenty-five dollars to take a wagon across and fifty cents apiece for our cattle. So we went into camp.

Before we reached this place we heard from travelers that about forty miles above the bridge there was a ford that could be crossed when the river was not too high, and as the river was falling all the time, we concluded that that would be the better plan. We were three days making the forty miles, but having reached the ford, crossed without difficulty. Soon after crossing the river we struck the foot hills and began ascending the mountains. As many hundreds of travelers had crossed these mountains before us there was a well defined road, very narrow in places, but everything considered, good.

I think we were three days reaching Sweet Water, a mountain stream, and for two or three days we followed along its banks. Here we found fresh water clams, that to us who had appetites for anything fresh in the meat line, like wolves, they tasted fine, but some of the boys were made quite ill through eating too many of them.

Traveling up Sweet Water we arrived at Independence Rock. This rock was about a quarter of a mile in length, one hundred feet high and about four hundred feet through. It stood there alone, a thing of majesty overlooking the world, monarch of all. The rock was of yellow sandstone, on its surface as far as man could reach,

were carved the names, places from whence they came and where they were bound, of hundreds of those, who, like ourselves, had stopped to view at close range this awesome structure of God's hands.

At this place we met very few returning, as all travelers on this trail were bound for California. While here we also viewed "Devil's Gate," the place where the Sweet Water ran through the point of the mountain. It was at a distance of two miles from the trail. Having arrived at, and climbed the mountain, which on this side sloped gradually upward for many hundred feet, we knotted about our waists, securely, a rope with which we had provided ourselves, and while three men took firm hold of it, we crawled on our hands and knees to the edge of the perpendicular precipice and viewed the little Sweet Water calmly flowing four hundred feet below. Crawling back to safety we stood up and looked out to the "end of the world," such at least it appeared to us, who had for so many months been traveling the level plains. We looked over a country so diversified in its construction, so big, so altogether wonderful, that I think our careless hearts must have had some thought of Him who was the maker and builder of it all.

About twenty feet across from this rock was another mountain peak, whose walls at this point were also perpendicular, together making what was called "Devil's Gate." This we learned from a guide book obtained at a trading post. From this place we went about twelve miles to Pacific Springs, on top of the mountain, the water flowing from which is the first water running west. The surface of the ground was wet, digging down abut two feet we found ice, the sun striking this melted it causing the water to run down the mountain side.

We camped here two days, and here we decided to split up; brother Charlie, McClellan and myself decided to go to California, while Emer Ramsey, Free Kingman and Al Clark were going to Denver. Brother Charlie, Mc and myself took the cattle and the wagon we started out with and the others took the mules and an abandoned wagon. The second night after we separated, just after we had gone into camp, who should drive in but the three we had parted from two days before. They turned back the next day, or in the evening of the first day, and following us with our oxen, and they with the mules, they soon overtook us. We were glad to have them with us again, I should say we were.

After this for about ten days there was little change in the scenery or anything we did. Traveling all this time through very rough country. Occasionally we killed a jack rabbit or a sage hen, but game was scarce. At the end of this time we made the descent to the bend of Bear river. This we accomplished by putting a yoke of cattle ahead on the tongue of the wagon, another attached to the rear, all wheels locked and with ropes tied to the wagon to which we all hung for dear life, finally reaching the foot in safety. At this time there were four wagons in line besides our own, all went into camp but there was no sleep for anyone on account of the mosquitos, which seemed to us as large as grasshoppers and as hungry as wolves. We made several smudges from sage brush and grease wood to try and keep our cattle from stampeding. They would back up in the smoke and almost set fire to their tails, trying to get away from the pests.

One night like that was quite enough for us and when morning came we gladly continued our journey, which brought us to the bend of Bear river. At this point Bear river turned from west to south, and here was what was known as Steamboat and Soda Springs. These springs were entirely unlike. Steamboat spring threw up a substance which, when it became dry, was of a reddish-brown color. One of the boys filled a bottle half full of water from the spring, then finished filling it from the other, when it foamed as soda would in sour milk.

CHAPTER VII

BY CHOOSING THE VALLEY ROAD ESCAPE MASSACRE BY THE INDIANS

Here we were in camp with Campbell's train. This train was made up of eight wagons and forty head of blooded horses which were being imported for breeding purposes; all draft horses, in fine condition. When we broke camp that morning, Campbell's train went by the way of "Sublette's cut off" across a range of mountains to Green river, while we took the Fort Hall road, which was perhaps one hundred miles further, but there was fine feed this way, and with our cattle this was important to us.

The second night out from this camp, a friendly Indian came to our camp and told us that Campbell's train had all been murdered, but one woman, who had been scalped and left for dead, but was still living when some travelers came and rescued and revived her, and took her on to Green river where we saw her. She, when able to talk, said that the men who did the murdering were not all Indians. While she was conscious, but helpless, two white men ravished her, then beat her over the head and left her for dead. The government troops came out and when they returned took the woman with them to California.

At Green river, a deep swift stream, we crossed on a raft made of logs. We took our wagons over on that but swam our cattle. The current was swift, the water cold, river not more than sixty feet wide, on one side a steep bank. As the cattle entered the water they were caught by the current and thrown back to the bank. This occurred several times, when brother Charlie rode his horse into the water to try and force the cattle in and across the river, but it

caught the horse, turned him over and Charley went under, the water being twenty or thirty feet deep and the horse whirling and rolling around.

It was fully a minute before we saw his head above the water. We thought sure he had drowned, and did not see how, with the cattle milling around, and the terrible current, it could be other wise. Horse and cattle were washed two hundred feet down the stream before they could land, while Charlie was whirled five hundred down the stream from where he entered it. At last all were safely landed on the opposite side.

The raft had been built by some emigrants who knew of no other way in which to cross, and, having built it, they found it a veritable gold mine. From here we crossed a low range of mountains which took about four days, when we arrived at Humboldt river. Not so many emigrants here, growing fewer in number now all the time.

In the Humboldt valley we killed antelope, which were a welcome change from sage hens. We traveled for two weeks down the Humboldt river; nothing of importance happened, and we arrived without mishap at Humboldt meadows. This, as the name implies, was a meadow with grass fine and abundant.

From here one trail went into the sink, where the river disappeared entirely, and then over the Kit Carson trail into California. Some traveling with us took this route, while we took "Lander's cut off" into Honey Lake valley, a distance of about two hundred miles through the desert which was sand and alkali. It was terribly hot and of course, dry. Before leaving the meadows we mowed a lot of hay which we carried along with us for feed. After traveling about thirty miles we arrived at Mud springs, these being the first springs or watering places fixed by the government, from the east.

The next spring was between fifty and sixty miles from here to a place called Rabbit Hole. This distance required two days and our cattle at each had an allowance of both water and feed. We saw on the way many cattle that had been turned out by their owners to die or to be taken up by some one who was in need of them and could feed them. Many were dead, all dying for lack of food and water. We picked up one steer that had been left and was in better condition than any of the others, fed and watered him, and he went with us into California.

The next stopping place was Hot Springs, a distance of sixty miles, twenty of which was through deep sand, and forty of alkali desert on which nothing grew. Every man walked every step of the way. By this time our load was becoming light and our grub low. At Hot Springs the government had laid gas pipe from the springs a distance of one hundred and fifty feet to holes dug out in the ground, through which the water could run, that it might cool sufficiently for the cattle and horses to drink. When it came from the springs it was too hot to bear one's hand in it. Rocks were piled around the spot where the water bubbled from the ground. A few grass roots not far from the spring was the only sign of vegetation.

Crossing the desert we did most of our traveling by night. The moon was full, the mirage the most wonderful sight I have ever seen. The wagons, when only a short distance away, seemed like a fleet of white ships sailing on a white sea, everything took on that spooky light that changed even the shapes of things. Even bones of animals, horses and cattle that had died there, when seen at a distance looked like a boat or something in motion. We were glad, indeed, when we left the haunted spot. From Hot Springs to "Deep Hole" was a distance of between fifty and sixty miles, with nothing to be seen but the alkali, which was white and hot and hard as a floor.

Several of the Deep Hole springs were between one and two hundred feet deep and ten feet across, the water coming within three or four feet of the top, was clear and cold, being the first good water we had had since we left Humboldt. From Deep Hole springs to Honey Lake valley was a distance of forty miles. The surface of the ground was granite rock, covered with boulders from the size of a water bucket to that of a barrel. Some of these were round, some oblong, and all as smooth and polished as if they were ground. They were lying thickly all over the ground, except for a distance of twenty miles where the government had had the boulders removed for a space twenty feet wide, or room for two wagons to pass, although in places it was narrower.

The valley was thirty miles in length and from five to twenty miles wide, the lake being located in the east end. The lake was two miles wide and ten long. At the entrance to the valley there was a hot spring in which we could boil eggs and meat, and with which we made our coffee. At this time there were perhaps two hundred people scattered throughout the valley. There were two small hamlets, one, Susanville, contained a half dozen small buildings, some of which

were built of logs. With plenty of pine, fir and spruce trees and a portable engine, it was not difficult to procure an abundance of lumber at ten dollars a thousand feet. At this place there were two stores. At the other little place which was called Richmond, named by some southern people after Richmond, Va., there was only one store, and that was in one end of a log building used as a hotel, and here we located for the winter.

CHAPTER VIII

A BRUSH WITH THE SOLDIERS; A TRAGIC FRONTIER COURTSHIP

In Honey Lake Valley we once more "split up," only brother Charlie and myself remaining in the valley, the others going on over the Sierra Nevada mountains into California. During the winter, having nothing to do time hung heavy on our hands, so we looked around to find some place in which to open a saloon. The landlord of the hotel finally consented for us to board up a porch which was on the side of the building, which we did and then put in a bar made of plain rough boards, some home made card tables, made from dry goods boxes turned upside down. The whiskey and gin we bought by the keg, the peach brandy came in large, wide mouth bottles, and in each bottle were sometimes three, sometimes four or five peaches which we sold for twenty five cents each, adding a very little brandy.

We ran this saloon about three months, when Charlie struck out for Virginia City, having heard that rich paying quartz had been struck. These mines were known as the Comstock and Golden Courier mines. In about two weeks he returned, having staked some claims there. We bought some provisions with which to run a restuarant. We engaged a man to take the things over the mountain to Virginia City, when a heavy snow fell on the mountains making such a trip impossible at that time.

Early in the fall we had built a cabin with boards set up and down, battened cracks, and in this we continued to live until spring.

Mail came once a month by pony express, this being a man on horseback or skis. Letters were twenty five cents each, papers were the same, magazines were fifty cents, all these in addition to the reg-

ular postage of three cents. The pony express made a distance of seventy five miles once each month, over the Sierra Nevada mountains to Plumas, the county seat of Plumas county, California, and return, making a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

In the valley there was at that time about a dozen women. A company of cavalry was stationed at Susanville to keep a lookout for the Piute Indians, who had been committing depredations on settlers and emigrants. During the winter there were dances at both Susanville and Richmond, which everybody, old and young, attended.

At one of the dances at Susanville the soldiers came up there with their revolvers strapped on them and were going to "run the dance.'". Whiskey was at the bottom of most of the troubles in those days, as it has been and will ever will be, until there is no more. The soldiers had been drinking. The dances were always held in the one large room over the hotel in which were fifteen or twenty cots, few men having wives, all occupied the same room.

Before a dance all the cots were piled up in one end of the room. The stairway, 'round which there was a slight railing, opened a little to the east of the center of the building. About midnight, after the soldiers had been dancing most of the evening with what women there were, and the whiskey had begun to take effect, a "free-for-all" fight took place. Fifteen or twenty shots were fired in the hall, but fortunately no one was injured. Our boys knocked the soldiers down, took their revolvers from them and threw them down stairs. During the fight the women huddled in one corner half frightened to death. That ended the soldiers coming to any more dances.

Once a week during the winter two men named Smith and Strauss taught dancing school down in the lower end of the valley. Living down there were two men by the name of John and Aleck Chatman. The fall before this, about the time we arrived, these men had four cousins come into the valley and settle. Two of them were girls, Julia and Emiline Chatman, both very handsome girls, one dark and the other fair; Julia the eldest, was twenty two, Emiline twenty, at this time, both fine appearing girls. Naturally every unmarried man went wild about them.

Soon after the dancing school began down there, which they attended, it became apparent to everyone that Smith, one of the

teachers, had fallen desperately in love with Emiline. John Chatman, a cousin, was also in love with her, and swore that Smith should never marry the girl. Smith was a small thin man, while Chatman was a six footer, a regular bully and desperado, and declared he would kill Smith on sight if he did marry Emiline. But love knows no fear, except the fear of losing the object loved.

In the meantime Strauss had built and was running a saloon across the street from the hotel. One day I sat in the saloon playing cards with Smith and I happened to look up and through the glass door saw Chatman coming from the hotel. I said to Smith, "There comes John Chatman." Smith had heard of Chatman's threats of taking his life on sight, and he jumped up and went to walking the floor. I went out at the front door, and meeting Chatman at the door said, "Hello John;" he spoke and passed on into the building.

He had no sooner entered than Smith opened fire, striking him in the right shoulder, disabling his arm. Chatman made a rush for Smith, grabbed him with his left arm and tried to crush him against the wall, when Smith shot him again, this time in the neck. Chatman turned and passed out the door, trying all the time to get his revolver out from the front of his shirt, when Smith followed him to the door and shot him again twice in the back. Chatman, although so badly wounded, went back into the saloon with his revolver in his left hand, but Smith made his escape through the back door.

All this time I had been standing in the middle of the street. Chatman, growing weak from the loss of blood, came to where I was standing, handed me his revolver and said, "Take me into the hotel;" which I did. We placed him on a cot, and he told brother Charlie to go outside and fire off his revolver so that he would know that everyone was good. This Charlie did, finding them all right; when at Chatman's request he reloaded and handed the revolver to him which he placed under his pillow, where it remained until he died, which was nine days from the shooting. Charlie was sitting by the side of the bed just before Chatman died, when he raised up suddenly threw Charlie off on the floor, and shouting that he was going to kill Smith, fell back dead.

There were no courts, no laws at that time in that part of the country. No one was certain whether we were in Nevada or California,so a judge was appointed by the citizens, so that court could

be held. Smith was arrested and was put in charge of an officer appointed by the new judge. There being no jail nor other place in which incarcerate those who committed crime, Smith was, as usual, out on the street, the only difference being that he was accompanied by the sheriff recently appointed.

Two men, pettifoggers, were appointed as attorneys to prosecute and defend the combatants. Twelve men, "tried and true," (to say this about them was a farce,) were chosen as jurymen. The trial was held in the saloon where the crime had been committed. It was proven that Smith did the killing in self defense and he was freed. In about a month after he was pronounced free, he was married to Emiline Chatman, on whose account the tragedy occurred. They were still living in the valley when I left Nevada.

CHAPTER IX

FRONTIER POLITICS. GOLD "SLUICING" IN CALIFORNIA. INDIAN MASSACRE

I forgot to mention before, that the fall after I landed in Nevada, I voted for Abraham Lincoln for president. I was not yet eighteen years old, but there were no laws in Nevada, and few in California in Plumas county, where I voted for president and also for county officers. Later, when I had been two years in California and returned to Nevada, which was at that time being organized for a state, I voted both in Nevada and California. In Susanville, where the election was held, the Nevada election booth was on one side of the street, the California on the other. I voted both for Governor, state and county officers. We had never heard of "stuffing the ballot box" then, but this was scarcely along that line, as we really did not know where we belonged as yet, state lines had not been established.

Both sets of officers tried to hold court, when they got into a fight. The California officers tried to arrest the Nevada officers and prevent them from holding court, but they resisted. Finally the Nevada officers went into a log cabin and made a fort of it, from there they fired on any officer who came within range, finally killing two men, one of whom was the Judge from Plumas county, California. After this the Plumas county officers sent over the mountains for a four pound cannon, otherwise known as a mountain howitzer, with which to blow the cabin to pieces.

A man by the name of Neal gathered up eight of we valley men, and we went into Susanville horseback carrying "flags of truce." Prior to this time, no one was safe on the streets of Susanville after the feud began. Neal held council on both sides, and they agreed

to have a "pony express" sent to Virginia City and over the mountain to California, to both governors, and procure their decision in the matter. Both governors declared that neither party should hold jurisdiction over that territory until after the state line had been established, which was accomplished sometime during that year.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

In the spring Charlie and I went into the Sierra Nevada mountains to do surface mining. We built a small cabin, made twelve sluice boxes, which were fourteen inches at one end and twelve at the other so that they would fit, one in the other, then we put in the bottom of the boxes sticks of pieces of inch wide pine, three of them to each box, which we called "riffles." These were to catch the gold, and into each box we also put quicksilver, dividing a pound to the twelve boxes, this was to attract the gold.

We run the water from a mountain stream a half mile distant, and from which we dug a ditch for the water to pass through to the sluice boxes. Then we shoveled dirt and soil down to bed rock into these boxes and the water would wash out the dirt, leaving the gold with the quicksilver. We would take the quicksilver out of the boxes once a week when we burned the quicksilver off from the gold; where they had one, they used a retort and saved the quicksilver to use again. We mined there four months, or until the last of June, making from one dollar to two fifty a day. Not a "get rich quick" scheme by any means.

That same spring, before we left the valley, either in April or May, seven men who freighted from Honey Lake to Humboldt, two hundred miles distant, when on their return, as they neared Deep Hole springs, just off the road described as having been made by the government, were attacked by Indians lying in ambush in the sage brush on either side of the road. As the freighters approached the Indians began shooting with bows and arrows and guns, and in no time five of the men were dead. Two of those in the lead wagon as soon as the shooting began, jumped from the wagon to the backs of the horses, cutting them loose from the wagon and running them as fast as possible over the road, made their escape, the Indians following them and shooting for some distance.

One man was shot in the hip, the other was uninjured, and he ar-

rived in Honey Lake about sundown, and told the fearful tale. Some men rode up the valley to notify the people and by six o'clock of the following morning about fifty men were gathered, armed and ready to go and bring in the dead and try and find some of the Indians. By the middle of the afternoon we arrived at the place of slaughter. The horses were all gone, but the wagons remained, in one of which we found one of the men who had been shot through the body and undoubtedly instantly killed. One body was lying on the ground on its back, with his eyes staring wide open, his abdomen had been cut open and his intestines stretched from his body over the sage brush. He had been scalped, as had all the other and all who wore whiskers had had them cut with the skin from their chins.

We gathered them up, putting them in a spring wagon, spreading over them a piece of canvas, and took up the march back to Honey Lake for burial; they were buried in one grave, side by side.

Three men returned with the bodies, the others, after looking through field glasses, located what they thought was an Indian camp some twenty miles away. Arriving at the place they found only a lot of skeletons of horses and other animals, which the mirage and alkali desert had made to appear like persons, some of whom seemed to be moving. We did not so much as find a moccasin track. We then returned to Honey Lake, scattering out and keeping close watch for traces of Indians. It was impossible to tell what direction they had gone.

Two weeks later ninety men were called to Pyramid Lake, one hundred and twenty five miles east. Preparations began immediately for our departure. First several steers were butchered and the beef "jerked." This was accomplished by cutting the beef in narrow strips and hanging it on poles over a fire, where it smoked and seared over so that it could be packed. Ordinarily we let the sun and wind dry it, but on account of lack of time we dried it in this way. This jerked beef, with self rising flour and coffee, constituted our grub.

On the morning of the third day after the summons, all mounted with pack horses carrying the grub, started out. A man by the name of Bird, a great big fellow, who owned a thousand head of horses and several thousand head of cattle that run loose on the plains, living mostly on bunch grass, and looked after by cow boys, was captain of

the expedition. One hundred men had been massacred by the Indians at Pyramid Lake. These men had gone out from Gold Hill and Virginia City to try and capture or kill a band of Indians who had been committing all kinds of depredations, rapine and murder around those places. These men were poorly armed and on foot.

It was never known just what happened as there was not a man left alive to tell the tale. Our men found and buried twenty of the men. We met the government troops coming down the valley and they reported having buried the bodies as they found them. Every man had been scalped. Some we found in a sitting position with sharpened sticks thrust through their bodies and into the ground. All were stark naked. With Col Landers in command we followed the trail three days but did not so much as get a glimpse of an Indian. Then we gave up the chase and returned to the valley.

We were glad to get back as our provisions were all gone. The meat not having properly cured, spoiled, the flour gave out, and when we reached Captain Bird's ranch he told us to kill some beeves, which we did as quickly as possible and before the flesh had stopped quivering we had some of it on the coals broiling, eating it like the half famished men we were. Two weeks later another company of soldiers came to try another search for the Indians, but I didn't go, no more Indian fighting for me, but brother Charlie went, and said as they were riding along a narrow valley, the Indians fired on them from one side, killing one man. The soldiers crossed to the opposite hill and fired in the Indians; they didn't know whether they killed or wounded any or not, and as it was growing dark, they went into camp. The next morning an Indian was seen coming toward the horses by the man herding them, him they shot and killed, and throwing a lariat rope around his body, brought him into camp. Soon after this Col. Landers made a treaty with the Indians and warfare with the Piutes was closed for the time being.

CHAPTER X

LUMBERING EXPERIENCES IN CALIFORNIA

WHEAT THRESHING IN THE GOLDEN STATE.

That summer I crossed the Sierra Nevada mountains into California and went to work in a saw mill at Love Locks. The following spring brother Charlie came across the mountains and went to mining with a man by the name of Bill Propeck, where they made a scant living. I left the saw mill that summer and went to work on a hog ranch, ten miles from anybody.

The first two weeks I was there I only saw one human being, and that was a Digger Indian. The house, or cabin, where I batched, had been intended for a two room building made from lumber, but never finished, having neither doors nor windows. It was in a small valley containing about ten acres of land which my employer expected to put in potatoes at some future time. It was surrounded on all sides by tall pines, cedar, fir and balsam trees. Near the house was a spring of clear cold water. There were between forty and fifty grown hogs and pigs and every night they had to be shut in an enclosure made and covered with poles. This was necessary to prevent the mountain lions from carrying the pigs away.

One night, after I had shut them up, and not being able to get at the pigs, one came close to the place where I was sleeping and roared loud enough, it seemed, to waken the dead; at least it awakened me, and I am like one dead when asleep. I confess to being frightened, my hair stood straight up I know, long as, by this time, it had gotten to be; but I jumped up, grabbed my revolver and fired through the glassless window in the direction from which the sound came. The moon was shining brightly, and from the open window I saw a dark object and fired again, but what ever it was made off to the

mountains. I remained there four weeks, and during that time, no human being had come near my cabin except the Digger Indian mentioned. I went to Brigham and told him I wouldn't stay any longer; he refused to pay me and I left and never saw the man again.

The following winter brother Charlie and I went up into the mountains and made clapboards from the sugar pine. These boards were six inches wide, one-fourth inch thick, and three feet long, and we split them with a frow.

During winter we made and piled seventy-five thousand clapboards, and brother Charley got the money, which was seven dollars a thousand. That winter the snow on the mountains was from four to eight feet deep. We built a log cabin close to a big log, and the cabin, except the chimney, was covered with snow. The fireplace chimney was made with sticks and plastered with mud. Our cabin was twelve by sixteen feet, dirt floor, one door, no windows.

One hundred and fifty feet from our cabin stood another about the same size in which lived two other men, also making clapboards. That winter I had the diphtheria and thought sure I would die, but my time, and the manner of taking off, had not yet arrived.

In the spring we went down in the foothills and made cedar posts and rails, receiving two and three cents apiece;of these we made five thousand. Free Kingman had been working in Love Locks in a saw mill and had an order on Bidwell at Chico for his pay. Free was sick and gave me the order to get his money for him. Bidwell, sometime after I returned home, ran for president on the prohibition ticket. He owned a land grant of fifty thousand acres.

The hamlet of Love Locks was named after Lovelocks, the man who owned the mill. Lovelocks was in debt and had no money so he gave Free an order on Bidwell who bought all the lumber sawed at Love Locks. At this time two loads of lumber were being sent to Bidwell at Chico, each wagon carrying between six and seven thousand feet of lumber, and to each wagon six yoke of oxen were attached Free was sick, and knowing the indebtedness of Lovelocks, was afraid the lumber would be attached before he could get his order cashed, so he asked me to go to Chico for him.

By wagon road to Chico it was sixty miles, while across a mountain path it was only thirty. I arrived in Chico several hours ahead

of the cattle train and presented my bill of lading and Free's order and received the money. Late that evening, sure enough the sheriff arrived but did not present his claim until morning, when the clerk informed him the money had been paid for the lumber.

The following afternoon Free came and we went five miles from Chico and took a boat down the Sacramento river to Sacramento, where we arrived sometime during the night. Here we remained two days. Sacramento, being the capital city, it contained much of interest to us, and we took it all in.

From Sacramento to San Francisco there was a contest on between two boats that left at the same time, and returned at the same time. We paid a quarter apiece for the trip of one hundred miles. After we had gone on deck the opposing boat's captain called to us that we could make the trip with him for a quarter with supper thrown in.

Arriving in San Francisco we found a Fireman's Tournament on two companies of whom had come on the same boat that we did. The boat's band played all through the evening. When we reached the bay we met the opposition boat returning to Sacramento, and all on board our boat rushed to one side to greet them, thereby very nearly capsizing the boat.

When we had been in San Francisco ten days, and could find no work, I got uneasy. Strolling along the wharf one day I got in conversation with the captain of a sailing vessel ready to leave for the Hawaiian Islands and asked him if he would take me. I was at that time about nineteen years old, not very tall, but stocky built and strong as an ox, and as nimble as a cat. The captain agreed to take me; he had me run up the mast to see if I could climb and if I was steady headed.

From the Islands he was going to China, then back to San Francisco, but unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately for me, Free found out what I was planning and as he had constituted himself my guardian, he persuaded me to give up the project.

Next day Free said we would go to Los Angeles, said to be a distance of four hundred miles. Reports said it was a town of six or eight houses, the country having more ranches and cattle than anything else, though we saw boat loads of oranges from there even

then. Everything traveled by boat, not a railroad in California at that time. Two years later, however, a road of twenty-four miles was built from Marysville to Oraville, which was constructed by laying ties in the usual manner, but for rails a piece of wood, four by six inches, strapped on top with a piece of iron a quarter of an inch thick for the wheels to run on and to prevent the rail from splitting.

On our way down to the wharf we met a man by the name of Shimmons, with a threshing machine that he had just gotten off from a ship. Free had run a threshing machine for three years before going to California, and the sight of the machine, the first we had seen since leaving home, brought a sudden desire to try his hand again; so we approached the owner and asked him if he had all the hands he needed. He said no, and hired us both at once. He lived at St. Pablo and was then on his way to the ferry. As we had no luggage we went right along with him and helped him cut and thrash his grain, which required two months, threshing from two to three thousand bushels a day.

This grain was all sacked and when the tide was in, small sail boats drifted in, of six or eight ton capacity, manned by one man. Wagons loaded with the grain drove up at low tide and the grain was loaded from the wagons right on to the boat, and taken to San Francisco.

CHAPTER XI

A SPANISH LAND GRANT, GRANTEE, AND TWO CHARMING DAUGHTERS

The inhabitants all up and down the bay at that time were Spanish. At St. Pablo there lived a Spaniard who had a land grant of forty-thousand acres, on a portion of which near the town he had a vineyard, besides growing peaches and apricots. One day Free and I went over there to get some fruit and the old Spaniard invited us into the house, which was made of adobe, having a great number of rooms, well furnished, had a piano and guitar.

We were introduced to the wife and two lovely daughters, aged eighteen and twenty. They were typical Senoritas. Free and I had not met any girls of such high quality, they both being rich and educated, besides accomplished in music. When we were ready to leave they all joined in inviting us to "come again soon." You may believe we promised to do so and did. For several months we were quite frequent visitors. One of the girls, Jeannette, took quite a fancy to me, and one day asked me how I would like to live on the ranch with them. I said I thought I would and that it would be all right, but in my heart I never trusted one of them. Not long after that Jeanette's father offered me twenty thousand dollars and a tract of four thousand acres of land, if I would marry Jeanette.

I thought that a pretty good price to offer a moneyless man to take a girl off his hands. Jeanette was a beautiful girl, and I was much attracted by her, but I did not care for her as I thought a man should for the woman he wanted for his wife. One evening I bade them goodnight as usual and in a few days I left for San Francisco and Marysville.

When I arrived at Marysville I thought I would foot it to Oraville, a distance of twenty miles. The stage made daily trips and charged five dollars a trip. I thought I couldn't make five dollars any easier than by footing it, and started out. I hadn't taken into consideration the fact that I wore a pair of bran new boots. I had not gone more than five or six miles before my feet were blistered, and I sat down to relieve the hurting, when the stage came along, and I asked the driver what he would charge to take me to Oraville.

He promptly said five dollars, and wouldn't make any reduction for the six miles, and I don't suppose had any sympathy with me on account of my blistered feet. At Oraville a freighter was just leaving for his trip to the mountains and mines, where I had left brother Charlie six months before, and I went with him.

It was winter again and I went to work in a saw mill. The next spring I bought a horse, saddle and bridle and again crossed the mountains into Honey Lake valley, and when I arrived in the valley ten cents was every penny I had to my name. I began searching for work at once, had to. I found a man by the name of Clark Neal who said he wanted a man to work for him, nothing being said on either side as to what he would pay or of what nature the work was. I very soon found out that I was to milk twelve cows morning and evening, then mow hay all day with a scythe. Mr. Neal was mighty fine man. His wife an English woman and a poor girl when he married her, and was a most peculiar woman. She knew very little about cooking any but the most ordinary things, but the table was always well supplied with such as it was. There was always dessert, which was placed close to Mrs. Neal's plate.

The desert consisted of pies, cake, preserves, which had neither been passed or served to me, until one day, I think I must have been homesick, I looked across at the things that made my mouth water, and thought of mother, and what a difference there would have been if I had been sitting at her table, instead of so many miles away among strangers, and in spite of myself I burst into tears. Mr. Neal quickly asked me what was the matter, and I told him, that although I had done his work to the best of my ability and had sat with him at his table each meal, I had never tasted any of the articles I pointed out to him. Mrs. Neal was much confused and said something, I know not what, but Mr. Neal said, "Why, my boy, help your

self now, and at any time. You should have asked for what you wanted if it was not offered you." From that time on, my portion of any dessert served was also served to me.

In my wandering 'round, working sometimes at any thing I could get to do, I, among other accomplishments, (?) learned to cook. and cook pretty well. I had cooked in restaurants and in camps, and in one hotel. I could make good bread, pies and puddings. In conversation with Mrs. Neal soon after this I said I could cook, and she asked me to bake some pies and cakes for her, which, when baked, "set me up" in their opinion as well as my own. When I had been with Mr. Neal six months, I said to him one day, "Mr. Neal, have I been worth anything to you since I came here?" Not a word had been said about wages when I went to work for him; during that time he had bought for me several work shirts, tobacco, both chewing and smoking, a hat and shoes. He looked at me for a moment then passed into an adjoining room, soon returning with ten twenty dollar gold pieces, which he handed me. I was almost too surprised to speak, but finally said, "You didn't keep out what you have paid out for me, Mr. Neal;" but he said that he had and that that made our account straight. I finished up the year with Mr. Neal, freighting for him to Gold Hill and Virginia City.

CHAPTER XII

DODGING INDIANS IN THE HUMBOLDT COUNTRY; "HIGH COST OF LIVING"

The following spring I bade farewell to that part of the valley and with my saddle and pack horses left for the Humboldt mines. As the riding horse was the one on which I made the return journey, I will describe him. He was snow white except for a bright red spot over one eye, and another on the right side, that when the saddle was on the blanket covered. My outfit consisted of a California saddle, with saddle pockets on the horn with revolver holster, saddle pockets on the back covered with bear skin; one pair of woolen blankets with rubber cover. The bridle was of Spanish make with braided horse hair head stall and reins. For this I paid ten dollars. for the saddle forty five, but I afterwards sold the saddle for eighty five dollars.

Arriving at Humboldt after my two hundred miles on horse back I found myself in no mood to proceed at once on my journey, so I stopped with John Neal, a brother of Clark Neal, the man for whom I had been working. In about ten days, feeling rested, I decided to go to Reese river where Free Kingman was prospecting. Reese river was a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, straight across the mountains. I was warned that the Indians were committing all kinds of crimes at that time yet I attempted to cross the mountain, but finding the snow from five to six feet deep, I returned to the edge of of the valley where I struck a pony trail going down the side of the mountain and this I followed for a distance of ten or twelve miles where the trail turned back into the mountain and I followed this for about three miles when I decided to camp for the night.

I gathered some bunch grass with which to feed my horses, and had just started the fire when I happened to gaze down into the valley, where I saw several fires which I knew must be the camp fires of the "Digger" Indians, who were on the war path, killing every white man they came across. Prospectors had found many of the dead bodies lying where they had been slain, and scalped, and buried them where they lay. Concluding that "discretion was the better part of valor," I hurriedly put out my fire, gathered my horses and outfit together and struck out up the canyon. The moon was shining brightly, but the scrub pines and sage brush screened me from view.

There being no trail I kept my course with a small pocket compass, with which all travelers supplied themselves, and which was most essential in traveling in a new country such as Nevada was at that time.

About sunrise next morning, after a restless night spent with one eye and one ear open for savages, both human and animal, I saddled my horse, arranged my pack, and after a hurried breakfast of coffee, bacon and "flap jacks," I returned to the pony trail left the night before. This I followed to the top of the mountain where the snow was much deeper than on the south side. Finally, after much time and hard labor, I reached the top, then followed the trail on down the canyon for about five miles, when I struck a deserted Indian camp, the fire still burning. From appearances forty or fifty Indians had spent the night there.

I settled my hat more firmly on my head, thankful that my scalp was still in place, but not knowing when some lurking trailer would spring from ambush, and leave me with no one to tell how I died. I reached the end of this canyon without mishap and entered a valley which, after taking my course south east, I crossed.

The second day out at sun down I struck a spring with bunch grass scattered all around. It appeared a desirable spot in which to camp for the night, so I picketed my horses out, got my supper and as twilight approached I saw, not more than three miles away, on the foot hills, camp fires springing up here and there, which I was satisfied were the camp fires of Indians, and as on the previous night, I gathered my horses and outfit together and started out to find another camp ground. As the night grew older, the moon rose in a sky

so clear few stars could be seen. I traveled on until midnight, when I again prepared my camp, tied my horses to some sage brush and grease wood, unbound my blankets, rolled myself up in these, and too worn out to care what happened, I fell asleep, nor did I wake up until after sunrise next morning, neither howling of coyotes nor fear of Indians disturbing my repose.

There being neither snow nor water here I could not prepare anything to eat, so I hurried my preparations and was soon in the saddle. I had been traveling for three hours, when I happened to look up and to my great joy, saw, not more than three miles distant, the overland stage as it came up over a hill. I made for the stage road as swiftly as possible, and in what seemed to me an endless time, struck the stage road and followed to "home station" where I obtained feed for my horses and breakfast for myself.

For hay I paid twenty cents a pound, for oats and wheat ground together I paid twenty five cents per pound, for my breakfast I paid one dollar, and that was many years before anyone had heard of the "high cost of living." A little while after breakfast I continued my journey, still along the stage road which made traveling for myself and horses easy. About six o'clock that night I reached another "home station." All stations were from ten to twelve hours apart, or a distance of one hundred miles. Travel with the stage coach was kept up day and night alike.

Having arived at this second home station I stopped for the night. I slept in my own blankets on a dirt floor. The houses were stockade built. They were built by setting in the ground posts or poles, about a foot or eight inches through and nine feet long, and the roof was made by placing the same kind of logs one against the other, filling all cracks with mud mixed with hay, and for the roof adding dry dirt, rounded to turn the water. No one but myself stayed there that night. I do not know whether this was a day or night station, whichever it was, nothing disturbed my sleep. I arose, much refreshed by another night without fear of being scalped, fed my horses, ate my breakfast and called for my bill, which was eleven dollars.

That day I reached the Reese river and found my cousin, Free Kingman, and remained with him for six weeks, prospecting. It was here at Reese river and at this time that I decided that I wanted to

go home. Brother Charlie had fallen in love with and married, a nice girl at Susanville, and I knew did not expect to return to Illinois, perhaps in years. Having decided to go, I sold my pack horse at auction on the street and started for Salt Lake.

As the distance from Reese river to Salt Lake was five-hundred and fifty miles across the desert, I laid in a supply of grub, ten pounds of bacon, ten pounds of flour, one pound of coffee, all of which I fastened to my saddle, together with my coffee pot, frying pan, tin cup, a small stew kettle and my blankets, quite a load for one saddle. The third day out I got in company with a young man about my own age, who was also traveling alone, on horseback. I never knew his name but called him Dick.

We arrived at the stage station on the edge of the desert about six in the evening. It was between eighty and ninety miles across the desert and we crossed it that night. The stage road was good alkali, hard as a rock and it was not so hot to cross at night.

HENRY KINGMAN

On his return home to Illinois in 1865

CHAPTER XIII

BOUND FOR THE STATES; SALT LAKE CITY AND THE MORMONS

The home stations, where passengers were fed and drivers changed, were one hundred miles apart all across the desert. The stations where the horses were changed were from eight to fifteen miles apart. In places where the roads were good and hard the stations would be fifteen miles apart, the horses always on the run. Where the road was sandy and heavy, stations were eight and ten miles apart.

When we arrived at the "eating" station that night about six o'clock, we had nothing left to eat, so I told Dick to watch the barn while I went to the house in search of food. The house was on one side side, the barn on the opposite side of the road, about one hundred feet apart. It was between eighty and ninety miles across the desert and we had to have grub before we could make it. We were desperate and had to have something to eat, no matter what the cost. When I got to the house I told the only person in sight, the cook, that we wanted something to eat, that there were two of us, but he said he couldn't let us have anything; said he had been forbidden to feed travelers unless they were stage travelers. After some altercation he started to the corner where I noticed some guns were stacked, at the same time telling me to "git".

I jerked my revolver out of my belt and commanded him to stop or I would fire. He did stop and very soon consented to get supper for us, which consisted of good warm light bread, ham, eggs, potatoes

and coffee. I verily believe that was the best meal I ever ate. At the end of the meal he gave us each a ham sandwich for a night lunch. About seven o'clock in the evening, having filled our canteens with water, we mounted our horses and rode into the desert.

At three in the morning I was riding a hundred yards ahead of Dick, when I saw something black loom up before me and I jerked my revolver from my belt and cocked it when a voice from out of the gloom said, "me good Injun, me good Injun." I lowered my gun and rode up to him. He was coming towards us on foot and alone. He was an Arizona Indian, but we didn't find out where he was coming from. I asked him how far it was to water. The moon, like a half circle, hung still pretty high in the sky; pointing to it and then away down the horizon, he mumbled something which I took to mean the moon would be that low before we reached water.

The place he referred to was a regular stage station watering place. Water was hauled and put into cisterns dug in the ground. About ten in the morning we reached a settlement where we procured a very good breakfast, letting our horses pick what grass they could find. We were by this time within fifteen miles of Salt Lake, where we arrived early that evening, crossed the river Jordan, and went to a feed yard, where we camped. We remained in Salt Lake six days.

The evening after we reached Salt Lake I became acquainted with a Spaniard who was returning from California, where he had spent two years, to his home south of Pueblo. Here his father owned a large cattle ranche. I could talk a little Spanish in those days and we struck up quite a friendship. Dick, my traveling companion, went on to Boise the day after we landed in Salt Lake.

On morning the Spaniard and myself were walking down the street, when I chanced to look across to the opposite side, and saw three young men standing talking together, whom I knew from their dress, were western men. I hallooed across to them and said, "where are you fellows going?" They replied, "the states." I crossed over to become acquainted with them. I told them I was going east myself and it turned out that they were camping in the same feed yard that I was. Their names were Hoxey. They had "packed in" from Idaho, and they suggested that we buy a spring wagon outfit and all travel together. That suited me all right I said if they would let

the Spaniard be one of the party. To this they agreed.

Before leaving we all wanted to see the sights of this Mormon city, specially the places of amusement. The first place we visited was the Brigham Young theatre. We found a news boy who said he would tell us who the people were when they came in if we would buy his ticket. This we did. We had not been in there but a short time before the people began coming in droves. We saw eight women come in at one time, some with children, who the boy said, were some of old Brigham's wives. We visited the temple, which was in process of construction, the walls being six feet high. We went to what was called Brigham's headquarters, the gates were open and no one in sight so I ventured inside, got about two hundred and fifty feet, when I was commanded to halt and told that that was "private ground."

Ft. Douglas was only two miles distant up on the foot of the mountain. It was in sixty-five and they had been having trouble with the Mormons. People with whom we talked said there were two thousand soldiers at the fort. Having seen everything worth while we prepared to leave. The Hoxie boys had twelve thousand dollars worth of gold dust, and we were afraid of being robbed. We carried it tied up in bags, some in shirts, all thrown in the bottom of the wagon. We traveled together until we arrived in north of Denver when the Spaniard left us.

CHAPTER XIV

HOME AGAIN AFTER FIVE YEARS TRAVEL

SEEKING A FORTUNE

I wanted to go with him but the Hoxie boys persuaded me to go on home and we traveled together as far as Omaha, where they sold their wagon and horses, and took the train for Detroit, Michigan. I had kept my pony and so I crossed the Missouri river at Omaha, the Mississippi at Rock Island. The nearer I came towards home, the longer the road seemed, and the slower I seemed to travel. For two years after I left home to cross the plains I had never written a line to mother, and during all of my stay of five years I did not write that many times, but now I longed for home, I thought if I could get home once more and life there was no different from what it had been in the past, I should still be glad to return. I know I must have been homesick at last, I who never cared for anyone as much as I did for myself.

One night in passing through Iowa, I was spending the night at a farm house. The old farmer in the course of our conversation said he hadn't seen any gold money for years. I pulled a twenty dollar gold piece from my pocket, the last and only one I had, and the old farmer gave me sixty dollars in greenbacks for it. After we reached civilization I attracted a great deal of attention. I had not had my hair cut in two years and it hung down on my shoulders; I had not been shaved in a year. I wore buckskin trousers with a fringe six inches in length down the outside seams, sheepskin leggins and beaded Indian moccasins, an English hunting coat of corduroy with pockets, a gray woolen shirt, and around my neck was knotted a black silk handkerchief, a stiff brimmed Peruvian hat with a heavy

cord wound round the crown with tassels hanging down from one side; that Peruvian hat was made of some kind of sea moss; it cost me $10, and was used for a hen's nest for a long time in later years. Around my waist I wore a red silk sash eight feet long, tied in a loop at the side with the fringed ends hanging down. I also wore Spanish spurs. The wheel of these spurs was three inches across, and attached to it were small steel bells that jangled when I walked or rode.

I shall not go further into details about my journey home as days were much alike until I finally arrived in Peoria, returning over the same road over which I had gone five years before. But how different were my emotions; when I left I went joyously, leaving so many things that were unpleasant to me and firmly believing that I should very soon dig from the ground or obtain in some way the fortune that I was seeking.

True, I had seen much that was new, interesting and instructive, but as for money, I had none. I no sooner entered the city of Peoria than every small boy in sight and some not small, followed me through the streets until I reached the barber shop when there were at least fifty at my heels. Some waited outside while I was shorn of my surplus hair and beard, and was again ready to resume my journey, which was drawing to a close.

When I left home there had lived on Washington street, a young man who conducted a furniture store and who was from near my home, so I looked him up to make inquiries about "home folks," from which I had not heard a word in two years. I found him still there at work. He said, "the folks are all living and as far as he knew, well." I rode down to the toll bridge over which we passed the evening we left Peoria on our trip across the plains. The same old man was collecting toll; he knew me and said, "aint you one o' them Kingman boys as went away sum four or five years ago?" I said that I was. I could not have changed so very much in spite of my varied experiences, and the fact that I was not yet seventeen when I left, now I was twenty-two.

Now it was only seventeen miles to my home. How my heart jumped at the thought. How would they greet me? Had any of them ever wished I was with them? Many like thoughts flew through my mind. At last I was in sight of the house and some one was

standing in the door yard; was it mother? As I draw nearer I recognized Aunt Martha, and at that moment she saw and at once recognized me and called loudly to those in the house—"Here comes Henry." I might go on and tell of some of the things that had happened during my long absence, how my two brothers, Cyrus and Martin, were in the war, and from mother how she had needed me and missed me, but once again at home I decided to stray no more.

CHAPTER XV

BUSINESS VENTURES TAKE THE PLACE OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

On the 9th of March after I returned home, I was married to Mary Elizabeth Rickard. We went to house-keeping in what I called a "sheep pen." I rented some land from a man by the name of Chaffer, and this two roomed house was on the land, but the winter previous had been used by Chaffer in which to house his sheep. It required an enormous amount of scouring with lye and soap and sand and hot water, but we finally got it into condition to paper, and lived there a year. I remained on this piece of land a year; moved from there to Uncle Matthew's farm, rented eighty acres and that fall I bought a threshing machine, and later in the fall bought forty acres of land from the Illinois Central R. R. Co., at twelve dollars per acre.

On this I built a story and a half house, 16x24, doing most of the carpenter work myself. We moved into this before it was plastered. The next spring I rented a small tract of land to put in a crop, broke thirty acres of my own which I put in sod corn, then continued breaking prairie until the ground froze. That year I sold out and went to Delavan, Ill. Prior to this I had bought a business at El Paso, and when I was ready to pay and take possession the owner wanted me to pay him five hundred dollars extra for his "trade;" this I firmly refused to do, assuring him that I could get my own trade as he or any man did, so of course that fell through.

In Delavan I went into the implement business with my brother Cyrus, and we worked together six years. I then sold out to Cyrus and moved Fairbury, where I bought a hardware store and did a

good business, averaging $50,000 per year and one year I remember it went to $85,000. But in spite of that fact I grew tired of that business and again sold out, and at once began looking 'round for something different, and with that end in view I accepted a position as representative of my brother, Martin Kingman's implement business, traveled for about six weeks, and while I did fairly well as a salesman, that was not what I was looking for, but a chance to look the country, or state of Kansas over, hoping to find a satisfactory investment, preferably in land.

At the end of six weeks having found nothing that exactly suited me, I returned home to Fairbury, and the following week, in company with Tommie Beach, Dr. Brewer and Dell Weaver, I went to Platte City, Nebraska, to look at 85,000 acres of land the Union Pacific was offering on good terms, for 85 cents per acre. That was in April; we arrived in Platte City in the evening, and that night we had all kinds of weather; it rained sleeted and snowed. We started out next day to look over the land. Where the snow had melted the ground was white with alkali and we found upon inquiry that the water was full of alkali. We returned to Fairbury, wiser men.

In a short time after this I came back to Kansas to look 'round once more. This was in May 1884. Before I left the state I bought a thousand acres of land in Morris county, returned home, packed up and moved and located in Council Grove, Kansas. My family at this time consisted of myself, wife, three daughters and a small son. I remained in Council Grove two years, moving a stock of goods I had at Chanute to Council Grove and selling them out.

At the end of two years in Council Grove, I built a store house on the land I had bought twenty miles west of the Grove. This building was twenty by sixty feet, two full stories, and arranged for living purposes in the upper story. Here we lived for fifteen years. About that time I built the house I am now occupying, and in which my wife died, February 4th, 1906, at the age of sixty-two years.

In 1885, with the assistance of Tom Kinnahan and Ed Miller, I laid out Grandview Township, and the same year I laid out and plotted and named the town of Delavan, in memory of the little town in Illinois by that name, in which I first began business. I opened a general store, carrying also hardware and implements.

and five hundred of my friends to come and help me celebrate the event. For several years I had said many times that, "If I lived to be seventy-five years old I would have a barbecue." Ours had not been a long lived family; I am now the only remaining member of the original Kingman family, and have lived to be older than any of them, one uncle living to be about seventy-five, when he died. In this book, intended for my children, grand children, other relatives and many friends, I have included the story of the celebration as printed in the Council Grove Guard and a poem written in celebration of the event by my old friend and fellow pioneer, Judge A. M. Crary, of Herington, Kansas.

APPENDIX

SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION FOR HENRY KINGMAN

Henry Kingman, near Delavan, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday May 7th, 1917, with a big house and lawn party. The feature of the entertainment was a big barbecue dinner. The dinner was begun at one o'clock. The dinner was one of the biggest ever given in Morris county. Nearly four hundred people from Council Grove, Wilsey, Burdick, and other parts of Morris and Dickinson counties and Herington were the guests of the Kingman family. There were several old friends from Illinois there also.

The Delavan band furnished music on the lawn and the Herington orchestra, led by Mr. C. N. Tufts, furnished music for the guests in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Kingman and Mrs. J. M. Belck, an old friend from Delavan, Illinois, received the guests. The guests began to arrive about ten o'clock, and at twelve thirty they had not quit.

Mr. Kingman has lived in Morris county since 1884. He came to Morris county in that year. He lived in Council Grove for about a year after his arrival in this county. He then moved to the present townsite of Delavan and named the place in honor of his old home in Illinois. He was in the mercantile, then engaged in the farming business, which he still follows.

Mr. Kingman has three daughters. They are: Mrs. Webster Ray, who lives three miles west of Delavan; Mrs. Charles Ray, wife of the lumberman in Delavan, and Mrs. Ed Miller, wife of the merchant in Delavan. Mr. Kingman owns about eighteen hundred acres of fine Morris county land. He is one of the county's foremost citizens. The Kingman family is one of the most respected families in the county. They are the kind which makes the county progress

and keep up with the times. The daughters of Mr. Kingman have married some of the most energetic and biggest boosters the county has. Their daughter's husbands are known the county over, and especially Mr. Webster Ray, as being one of the biggest good roads boosters in the United States, and especially for the Santa Fe Trail.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingman were the receipents of many beautiful and costly mementoes of the occasion and recognition from their friends. The front of the house was decorated with a large American flag and attractively arranged on the interior.

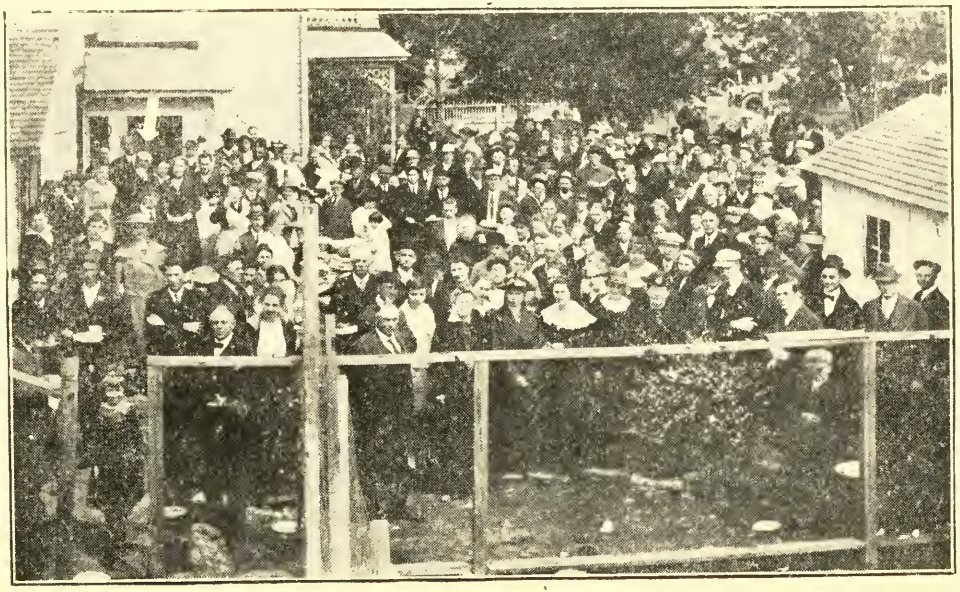
The dinner was served to more than four hundred guests on the lawn. Barbecued beef, buns, cookies, cream and sugar, salad and pickles, were served on paper plates to the guests. There was enough barbecued meat and other things for five hundred, the number of invitations sent out. Several of the guests were unable to arrive on account of road conditions.

Following the dinner Rev. T. P. Henry eulogized the life of Mr. Kingman in a grand and decidedly excellent speech. He told of the early settlers and especially Mr. Kingman's part in establishing Delavan the first community in Grandview township, and his ability as a community builder and a man of fine foresight and character.

Judge A. M. Crary of Herington was one of the guests for the day and read a poem in honor of his old friend, Mr. Kingman. Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Herington, for which the town of Herington was named, were also guests at the celebration.—Council Grove Guard.

DIRTY POLITICS

Contrary to the general idea and wish that the county would get through the campaign without any display of mean and unfair politics, some of it has been turned loose the past ten days. The county candidates and even the county papers have come through the campaign without the customary fights and bad blood that accomplishes so little but which some people think is the only thing that makes a campaign. If you ever saw a fair and decent campaign this has been one in this county, generally speaking. But in the last ten days a



A PART OF THE BIRTHDAY CROWD

May 7th, 1917, Delavan, Kansas

fight has been started on Henry Kingman, republican candidate for commissioner in the third district that should be aired in its true light. The promoters left it to the last in order to slip up on somebody but the slip will work backwards. Last week we mentioned the way Kingman had been represented in South Morris as a Western Morris man and in Western Morris as a Council Grove and South Morris man. This week there has been an attempt to make medicine out of the fact that Kingman once drew $25 from the Morris county treasury for service rendered. The claim is that the $25 was an excessive charge.

Here are the circumstances all of which are proven by records anyone may see in the County Clerk's office. In March 1903 some extra crew section men broke out with small-pox in the car they used as a sleeping place on the Missouri Pacific side track at Delavan, this county. The disease was of the most virulent type. Of nine railroad men who had it, seven died either at Delavan or after going to their home. In and around Delavan seven had it and four died. The patients were kept at the home of a man by the name of Varner. His family caught the disease and the father in the home died. Three others died in this house. It became a neighborhood scare and scourge. No one could be secured to nurse the sick, to go near them with food or to care for them. Mr. Kingman, being the county health officer in that part of the county it fell to him to give at least some attention and gradually the main part of the care fell to him. A man who had had the disease and was therefore considered immune, helped, and with Kingman, were the main ones attending the cases. One man who died in the car was not buried until after some delay because no one would do it. Kingman finally did it alone, risking his health and the health of his family. Kingman and one other man buried five small pox patients. During Mr. Varner's illness Kingman took time and pains to render assistance to the family, every time risking much to do so. After it was all over and the community felt that the scourge had passed, it was a neighborhood request that the Varner house, bedding and clothing, be destroyed by fire to destroy all disease germs and prevent a possible outbreak of the dread disease germs at some future period. A committee from the township waited on the county commissioners at a special session and the request to burn the house was granted as a measure of public safety. The commissioners paid Mrs. Varner $300 for the house and $150 for the furniture and clothing, after proper appraisement

by a committee of disinterested citizens had been given the county board. The burning was done only after the recommendation of Dr. Painter, county health officer, and John Maloy, county attorney, that it was strictly a legal transaction and warranted by the facts. These recommendations are on file in the county clerk's office. Now the contention of the Kingman opposers. The county board ordered Kingman to burn the house, paid him $25 for his services in the small pox matter in his neighborhood, and Kingman's acceptance of it has become an issue in this campaign. Behold what some people will do in the name of politics. Does any one who reads this want the job of looking after seven small pox patients and burying five of them for $25? It was no pay. It could not be considered as pay. The small pox trouble extended through part of four months. Five hundred dollars could not be considered as pay if risk and all other features are considered. It was more of a present than pay. Both of the other commissioners, when considering the matter, said they would not have rendered the same service for $100, and one of them said he would not have done it at any price.

If there is anything in this at all, it is that Kingman deserves re-election more than he otherwise would, and people who use this against him are showing lame ideas of good citizenship, to say the least. Authority for the burning of the house was the written opinion of County Attorney Maloy, which closed with these words, "I would therefore advise you to procure appraisement and estimate of the said building and such of its contents as ought not be preserved and at once condemn and order building and contents destroyed by fire." Maloy was right, therefore Kingman and the remaining commissioners were right. The epidemic was well controlled and there is no telling how many Morris county homes were protected by the good management.—Council Grove Guard.

TO MY FRIEND, MR. HENRY KINGMAN, ON HIS 75TH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY, MAY 7TH, 1917

'Tis five and seventy years you say,
Since first you saw the light of day;
Those many years, no doubt it seems,
Have come and gone like pleasant dreams.

Sisters and brothers who passed before,
Are dwelling on that other shore.
You look for those with whom you played,
But in the grave yard they are laid.

You've lived through changes, great and small,
Improvements that astonish all;
Homes for the millions here are found,
And bread for all who till the ground.

'Twas less than fifty years ago,
The sickle cut the grain, you know;
The scythe the grass, with sweat of brow,
Machinery does that labor now.

The stage coach, now quite out of date,
Transported people, mail and freight;
Four horses sped them on their way,
And made but forty miles a day.

When Fulton showed the powers of steam,
A change was wrought on land and stream;
Boats are propelled; it drives the mill,
And handles cars with matchless skill.

Who would have thought we would be able,
To lay the great Atlantic cable?
They would have marveled long ago,
To see it span the depths below.

Then Edison's electric power,
Is growing greater every hour;
Lights ships and cars, our dwellings, streets,
Helps to smooth our linens, cook our meats.

His phonograph and telephone,
His magic speaking gramaphone;
All these and more, are his invention,
And challenges the world's attention.

Brave Morse, the telegraphic king,
Has given to words their swiftest wing;
The wires now spanning earth and sea,
Bring daily news to you and me.

Change marks each milestone as we pass,
We look for those once in our class;
They've crossed the stream somewhat ahead,
And now are numbered with the dead.

The memory of all these years,
Give joy and gladness—sometimes tears;
Tears for the loved ones laid away,
And whom we hope to meet some day.

The time allotted us on earth,
We should not spend in sin and mirth;
But seek the guidance of The hand,
Which leads us to that better land.

That when the last act of life is played,
And with our fathers we are laid;
May we join in anthems sung above,
Where all is Peace and Joy and Love.

—A. M. CRARY, Herington, Kansas

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